

A  
**REVIEW**  
 OF THE  
**STATE**  
 OF THE  
**British Nation.**

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Saturday, January 28. 1710.

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**I**T has been the constant Endeavour of the Author of this Paper, to divert you as much as possible with things Profitable—— It is tiresome to be ever striving and contending—— Something he hopes may be found out that all Parties may agree in—— And in pursuing this Thought, it offered to him, That it would not be unsuitable to every Man, of what Opinion, Party or Principle soever, to reflect, that among all the Turns and Revolutions of the World, the readiest way to a perfect Ease of Mind, is to leave all these things off, and be entirely resign'd to the

absolute Dispose of Him that reigns on High, that laugheth to Scorn the mighty Trifles of the World, and while the Potsherds of the Earth, (*viz.* Kings and States) are dashing themselves to Pieces one against another, lets them see at last, that he doth what he pleaseth, and makes them bring to pass, tho' against their own Wills, what he before has Determined to have done.

This will Answer for all the Revolutions of States, Deposing and Abolishing Princes and Governments—— This will Account for pulling down and setting up, dethroning, abdicating,

cating, restoring and re-restoring of Princes and Constitutions, for planting and supplanting, setting down and rooting up Churches, Hierarchies, Congregations, and People.

In short, hither may be carried all your Grievances, National or Personal, and in giving up all your own Agency, Wisdom, Capacity and

Forecast in humane Events, you will find an excellent Retreat, a perfect Calm from all the Storms of Life— This, the Author being leaving Scotland for a time, leaves as little Legacy to all that please to accept of it— And bids them take it from his Experience, that there is inexpressible Satisfaction in the Practice.

## OF RESIGNATION.

*Happy the Man confirm'd above,  
And t' Heavens Dispose resign'd;  
Who by his Rule directs his Steps,  
And on him stays his Mind.*

*Can on his various Providence  
With Satisfaction rest  
That unexalted can enjoy  
And suffer undeprest.*

*Boldly he steers thro' Storms of Life,  
And Shipwrack of Estate;  
Without Inheritance he's Rich,  
And without Honour's Great.*

*When the World trembles, he's immov'd,  
When Cloudy, he's Serene;  
When Darknes covers all without,  
He's always Bright within.*

*In Labour he enjoys his Rest,  
In Pain and Sickness Ease;  
When Pride embroils the World in Strife,  
He's all in Calm and Peace.*

*In Scarcity he feels no Want,  
In Plenty guards his Mind;  
In Prison he's at Liberty,  
In Liberty Confin'd.*

*With*

*With steady Foot and even Pace  
 he treads the milky Way ;  
 Has Youth without its Levity,  
 And Age without Decay.*

*He scorns the Terrors of the World,  
 And equally her Charms ;  
 If those affright, or these allure,  
 He shakes her from his Arms.*

*In doubtful Cases he's Resolv'd,  
 In Terrors unsurpris'd ;  
 Most Humble when he's most Careless,  
 And Chearful when Despis'd.*

*When Envy grins, and Slander barks,  
 And clamouring Monsters rail ;  
 They neither can his Passions move,  
 Nor on his Smiles prevail.*

*His Temper forms the Good or Ill,  
 Of every different State ;  
 He tastes the Gall without the Grief,  
 Without the Snare, the Sweet.*

*His Passions all move regular  
 At full Command within,  
 He's pleas'd without Impertinence,  
 And angry without Sin.*

*Thoughtful without Anxiety,  
 And griev'd without Despair ;  
 Chearful, but without Gayety,  
 And cautious without Fear.*

*He's Gravity without gray Hairs,  
 Without Experience Wise ;  
 He lives without Uneasiness,  
 Without Reluctance dyes.*

*When fierce Afflictions charge him Home,  
 He eyes the secret Hand ;  
 Ceases to pore on Instruments,  
 But always views their End.*



If prosperous Things are made his Lot;  
 And the World speaks him fair,  
 He seems but to submit to Joy,  
 And guards against the Snare.

Ambition, Malice, Pride, and Hate  
 Are strangers to his Soul:  
 But Peace and Joy possess the Parts,  
 Of Charity the Whole.

He cannot envy when he's Low,  
 Nor when he's High can fear;  
 In Wealth he can no more be Proud,  
 Than when he's Poor, Despair.

He freely shuns Opinion Fame,  
 Which Gusts of Humour raise;  
 He seeks the Merit, not the Name,  
 The Virtue, not the Praise.

If great, his Temper suits his State,  
 If mean his frame supply's;  
 And he's more, Thankful when he falls,  
 Than others when they rise.

From his low Station he looks up,  
 Pities great Men of Crime;  
 He neither over-rates their Rage,  
 Or values their Esteem.

His full Dependance is on GOD,  
 He owns and eyes his Pow'r;  
 He knows he must Account to Him,  
 And waits with joy the Hour.

In vain we talk of Happiness  
 In any State below;  
 There is no Calm on Earth, but what  
 Must from this Temper flow.

Resign'd to Heaven we may with Joy  
 To any State submit;  
 And in the worst of Miseries  
 Have Happiness complete.